

we receive from outside sources does not cause us to become lazy,—at least I don't think it does,—we do not let our zeal and ambition grow less on account of it, but we trust to press on with still greater energy and diligence, believing, as well as desiring that the day is not far distant when this mission plant will have become one of the strongest congregations in the brotherhood.

W. M. LYON.

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True Missionary Work

Robert E. Speer.

It was God who set Paul to work; and Paul knew it. He knew, too, exactly the work that God had set him to do. There was no weakness due to uncertainty. There was no wavering of purpose. "It was the pleasure of God," he said, "who separated me, even from my mother's womb, and called me through His grace, to reveal His Son in me, that I might preach Him among the heathen. Immediately I conferred not with flesh and blood, but I went." We read of John the Baptist, "There came a man, sent from God; his name, John." That was the way Paul came. The God-sent men who obey never fail.

Paul learned from Barnabas the secret of trusting men and of laying responsibility upon them. He was constantly training men and setting them to work. He counted upon willingness of an evangelized man to evangelize, and set him at it. He kept his hand on his work, and his work on his heart and constantly looked upon his men and held them true. He worked with a zeal that assumed the world might end before sunset, and a wisdom that assumed it might last ten thousand years. He relied on the power of God that was in the Gospel. He did not dilute it and make soft apologies for it. He preached it. He went bodily at the great cities, and the work that he did was so effective and enduring that later the heathen were called "pagans," or country people. The cities were full of Christians. We are almost afraid of the slums now. Paul carried the Gospel straight to the gladiators. He was an incessant personal worker.

And, further, Paul had a living message that burned in his soul and blazed into speech. He had caught a vision of that love of God that is "broader than the measure to man's mind." He knew from his own heart the universality and the deadliness of sin. At times he nearly sank under the hideous burden of it. But Christ had lifted it from him and sent him free. In Him all men could be free. God was in Him, reconciling all men to Himself; and men must come to Him, for Christ owned them. All things were His; and out of Him and His lordship only darkness and death reigned. In Him was life, and over all life He must be king. Do you wonder at Paul's success, in whose bones these truths burned like a beacon, while their light and truth thrilled through him?

And he was so intense, so eager, so unceasingly busy night and day bearing witness with tears, perpetually moving, unswayed by opposition and suffering, caring nothing for the judgment, fearing only the judgment of Him whom he served, impatient of trifling contentions and all pettiness, glorying in infirmities, and ready to be offered whenever the time of his departure should come. He was a lover of heroic things, and was sure that no king or emperor had greater glory than his, tho he made tents with hardened hands and followed the Nazarene. Like Him, he was gentle "as a nurse," as he said, humble, tender, loving, and lovable, with sympathies as wide as the world and as broad as the woes of men. How could such a man fail?

He had seen Christ. That was the great secret. He knew the Son of God. This was the way he told the story: "And I said, Who art Thou, Lord? And the Lord said, I am Jesus whom thou persecutest. But arise, and stand upon thy feet: for to this end have I appeared unto thee, to appoint thee a minister and a witness both of things wherein thou hast seen Me, and of the things wherein I will appear unto thee; delivering thee from the people and from the Gentiles, unto whom I send thee, to open their eyes." They open eyes whose eyes are open. Paul saw and testified, and men received. He who sees Christ can show Christ. Come and see. Go and tell. These are the two terms of successful service.

Individual Work for Christ

Amos R. Wells.

"The vast majority of Christians in this day are useless," stoutly declares Dr. Talmage. "The most of the Lord's battalion belong to the reserve corps. The most of the crew are asleep in the hammocks. The most of the metal is under the hills."

If this is so—and there is much truth in it—then it is a terribly sad condition of affairs, since Christians are the salt of the earth, and if they lose their savor, wherewith shall the earth be salted? By virtue of his calling, his powers, his blessings, and his opportunities, there is no one on earth that should be so fiercely active as the Christian; and Christians are active enough, but is it always about their Father's business?

One of the tombs best worth seeing in St. Paul's Cathedral bears these noble words: "Major-General Gordon, who at all times, everywhere, gave his strength to the weak, his substance to the poor, his sympathy to the suffering, his heart to God; died at Khartoum, 26th January, 1885." Over the grave of Alexander Mackey, that ingenious, undaunted, mechanic-missionary to Uganda, are set the words: "A doer of the Word." Now these are splendid epitaphs. How can we earn their like?

Not by proxy work. Not by delegating all our good deeds to a committee, a pastor,

a board or a society. We must support these; they vastly enlarge the churches' power for good. But they can never take the place of individual service.

A discouraged young doctor was visited by his farmer father. "I'm not getting along at all," said the young man. The father sat near that morning and watched his son care for twenty-five unfortunates in the "Free Dispensary." "I thought you said you were not getting along?" he inquired. "I did," was the reply; "there's no money in this." "No money?" shouted the old man. "Why, if I had helped twenty-five people in a month as you have in one morning, I'd bless God that my life counted for something. Keep right on, and I'll gladly work on the farm to support you."

We are all so slow to see what this old farmer saw, namely: that the only life worth living is a life of helpfulness, and that the best kind of helpfulness springs from personal contact. Lady Holland was constantly complaining because she had nothing to occupy her time. One day she uttered her characteristic lament in the presence of the poet Rogers, who gave her some sarcastic but valuable advice: "Try something new, Lady Holland; try doing a little good." There is no ennui in a life of Christian service. Every day is full of fresh interest. Every night is full of peace.

Let us all adopt for our own this prayer by the ill-fated Maltbie D. Babcock, who so beautifully exemplified its spirit in his life:

O Lord, I pray
That for this day
I may not swerve
By foot or hand
From Thy command—
Not to be served, but to serve.

Among the Churches

Notice

A brother and sister who may have children to educate can learn of a way to help themselves by writing to the undersigned at once.

Two young men who may wish to enter College next fall and then work their way thru should write me at once.

We have been delayed somewhat in mailing our catalogs. But we hope to have them all ready for mailing this week. If you wish to see a copy write.

Respectfully,

J. ALLEN MILLER.

Hudson, Iowa

Since our last report brother S. H. Bashor has given us several very helpful and interesting sermons. He filled several appointments in the absence of our pastor, E. L. Hildebrand. While our pastor's absence was regretted, Brother B's. presence was much appreciated by the church. Brother Hildebrand intends giving up the work at this place soon. We will ask the brotherhood to join us in prayer that a pastor may be secured to fill the place of one who has long and faithfully stood by the churches in this place.

A district union Sunday-school Convention recently held in our town gave new inspiration to our Sunday-school as well as to others. A very inter-